

DELL
COMIC

NO. 493

10¢

Johnny Mack Brown



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BEST IN THE WEST

BEN LILLY: LAST OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN

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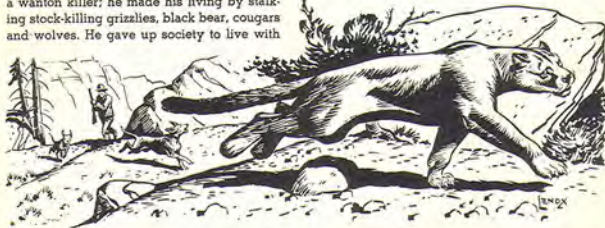


Ben Lilly was the last of the mountain men — the lonely, hard-bitten breed of men who hunted, trapped and scouted the rugged, mountainous terrain of the early West. He left behind a record which proved him the greatest hunter of his time — the best in the West.

This mild-mannered mountain man was not a wanton killer; he made his living by stalking stock-killing grizzlies, black bear, cougars and wolves. He gave up society to live with

and love the animals he hunted. Finally, he could follow a cold trail even better than his own hunting hounds.

With simple candor, he professed to speaking the language which wild animals understood. After a half century of living among them perhaps he had learned to talk with them. At least, he could read their intentions on the trail, and outguess them all.



JOHNNY MACK BROWN

and

The
BOW-AND-ARROW
KILLER

THAT VALLEY LOOKS TOO
PEACEFUL TO BE AS FULL
OF DEATH AN' MYSTERY AS
SHERIFF LOPER WROTE US,
EH, REBEL?

WHUH-UHUH!



HEY! THAT WAS A SHOT!
COULD BE A HUNTER...
BUT, I'D BETTER TAKE
A LOOKSEE!



BLAM!

COME ON, MOVE, BOY!



HEY...

Z-ZING!



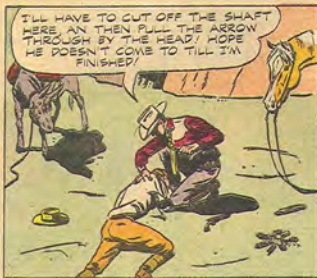
WHAT IN THE BLAZES IS
GOING ON AROUND
HERE... AN INDIAN WAR?







NO SENSE GOIN' AFTER THAT HOMBRE ON THE PALOMINO! HE'S GOT TOO BIG A HEADSTART! I'D BETTER SEE TO THIS POOR FELLOW!



I'LL HAVE TO CUT OFF THE SHAFT HERE, AN THEN PULL THE ARROW THROUGH BY THE HEAD! HOPE HE DOESN'T COME TO TILL I'M FINISHED!



IT'S LUCKY THE ARROW DIDN'T GO IN A FEW INCHES LOWER! HE'D BE A GONER BY NOW!



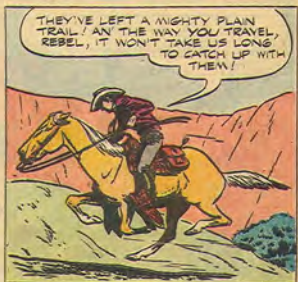
AT THAT, HE'S IN A BAD WAY FROM SHOCK AN LOSS OF BLOOD! BUT I THINK I CAN RISK TAKING HIM TO A DOCTOR NOW!



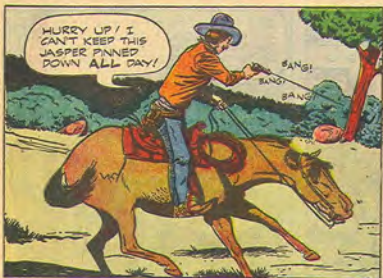
BUT HOW I'M GOIN' TO DO THAT BEATS ME! HE WOULDN'T LAST A MILE BUMPIN' ALONG ON AN INJUN DRAG!

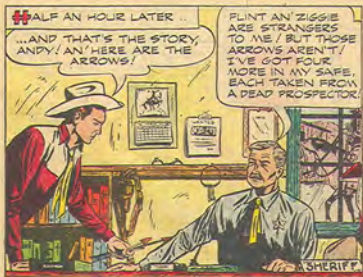












WITHIN A TWENTY-MILE RADIUS O' KIOWA PEAK THERE'S A LOST COPPER MINE LEGEND FOR EVERY SQUARE FOOT O' THAT TERRITORY!



AND AS A RESULT THAT SECTOR'S CRAWLIN' WITH PROSPECTORS!

AN' LIKE BAKER, I SUPPOSE EACH HAS HIS OWN LOST TREASURE MAP!



RECKON NINE OUT O' TEN DO! BUT NONE O' THE MURDERED... SAY! D'YOU SUPPOSE THAT WAS WHY THEY WERE KILLED? FOR THEIR MAPS?

PROBABLY! IT WAS THE MOTIVE FOR ATTACKIN' BAKER! WISH I'D GOTTEN A GOOD LOOK AT THAT PALOMINO'S RIDER!



MAYBE YOU CAN TRACE THE PALOMINO! THERE AREN'T MORE'N HALF A DOZEN OF 'EM IN THE WHOLE COUNTY!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, ANDY! GIVE ME A LIST OF THEIR OWNERS! I'LL GET ON IT FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'!



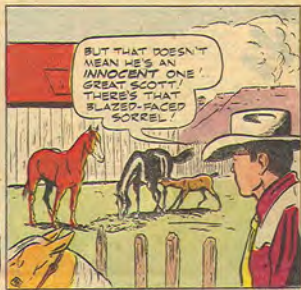
THE NEXT DAY...

3 A ROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN
DALLAS BREED-O-MANIA

HMMM... NOT VERY PROSPEROUS... LOOKIN' ACCORDIN' TO ANDY, IT'S A WASTE O' TIME TO CHECK HERE! EVEN IF HE IS HARD UP, PIERCE IS A LEADIN' CITIZEN!



BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S AN INNOCENT ONE! GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S THAT BLAZED-FACED SORREL!



IF HE ISN'T THE HORSE
FLINT WAS STRADDLIN', I'M
LOGO! RECKON THIS
SPREAD CAN STAND
INVESTIGATIN'!



HOWDY, STRANGER!
SOMETHING I CAN
DO FOR YOU?

UH...YES! I'M LOOKIN'
FOR A JOB! MY NAME'S
BROWN! I'M RIGHT
HANDY WITH A ROPE,
A HORSE AN' A GUN!
ARE YOU ADAM PIERCE?



NO, I'M HIS FOREMAN,
BIFF GAGE...AND IF
YOU REALLY WANT A
JOB, YOU'RE WIRED!
I'M SHORTHANDED...
AND WE'VE GOT
SOME LINE RIDING
TO DO!

SUITS ME! BUT
HOW COME
YOU'RE RIDIN'
LINE?



MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I
DON'T TRUST A NEW
HAND TO WORK ALONE
TILL I'VE SEEN FOR
MYSELF HOW SEASONED
HE IS!

THAT MAKES
SENSE!

IT'S THAT
NOSY CONDOKE!



I GOT NO BUSINESS
LEAVIN' HERE, BUT
I'VE GOTTA GET THIS
NEWS TO THE BOSS
PRONTO!



WITH THIS BUM WING, IT'S
A CINCH I CAN'T SADDLE
BLAZE! I'LL HAFTA TAKE
ONE O' THESE BRONCS!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

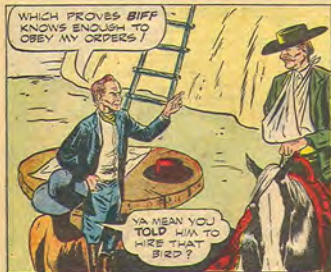
FLINT! DIDN'T I TELL YOU
TO STAY UNDER COVER
TILL THAT ARM HEALED?

YEAH, BUT I HAD TO
COME! BIFF'S HRED
THAT INTERFERIN'
COMPOKE AS ONE O'
YOUR LINE RIDERS!



WHICH PROVES BIFF
KNOWS ENOUGH TO
OBEY MY ORDERS!

CERTAINLY, IF HE ASKED FOR
WORK!... YOU SEE, I KNEW HE
WOULD CHECK EVERY PALOMINO
IN THE COUNTY... AND THIS WAS
BOUND TO LEAD HIM TO ME!



YA MEAN YOU
TOLD HIM TO
HIRE THAT
BIRD?



SO YOU PUT HIM
ON YOUR PAYROLL!
AN' GAVE HIM FREE
REIN TO GET THE
GOODS ON US!
YOU SHOULD O'
TOLD BIFF TO
SHOOT HIM ON
SIGHT!

HOW
DARE
YOU
CRITICIZE
ME?



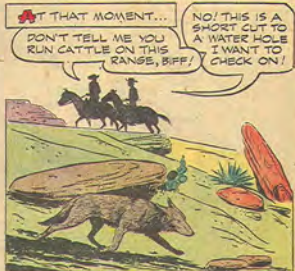
'CAUSE YOU'RE STUPID!
RIDIN' A HORSE
ANYONE BUT A BLIND
MAN COULD SPOT A MILE
OFF! KILLIN' HOMBRES FOR
MAPS 'STEAD O' GOLD!
USING ARROWS 'STEAD
O' LEAD!

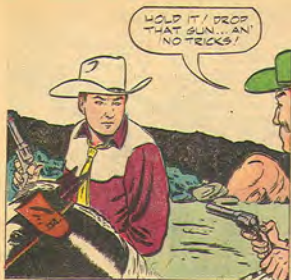


MY ARROWS
ARE SILENT,
ZIGGIE! AND
MYSTERIOUS!
THEY HAVE
TERRORIZED
THE WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

YEAH?
WELL, IF
YOU
FIGURE ON SCARN'
THAT
COWBOY
WITH 'EM,
YOU'RE
PLUMB
LOCO!







NOR WITH MY LEFT HAND,
EITHER!

OOFF!



THE SURPRISE BLOW FLOORS JOHNNY,
BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT...

I MUST BE SLIPPIN'! I
SURE DIDN'T FIGURE
HIM FOR ONE OF THE
GANG!



I'D BETTER PLAY IT SAFE
AN' GO AHEAD ON FOOT!
BIFF MIGHT HAVE
REINFORCEMENTS
IN THAT
CANYON!



RECKON THERE'S NO
DOUBT HE'S GOT AT
LEAST ONE!



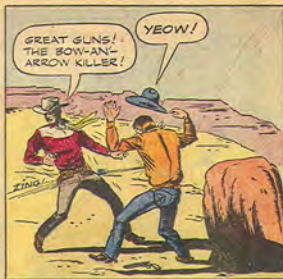
AND I'LL SOON
FIND OUT IF HE'S
GOT MORE!



GRAB FOR THE SKY,
YOU POLECAT!

WHAT
TH'...



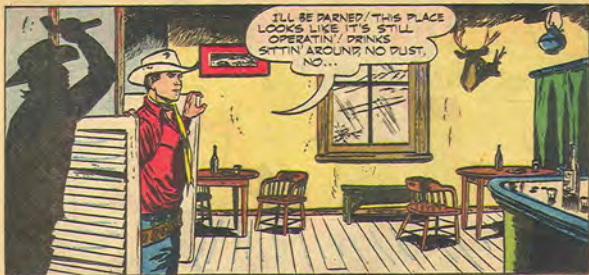


JOHNNY MACK BROWN

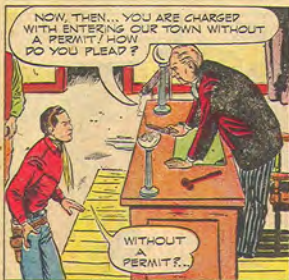
The Town for Outlaws Only

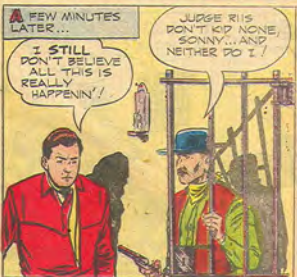
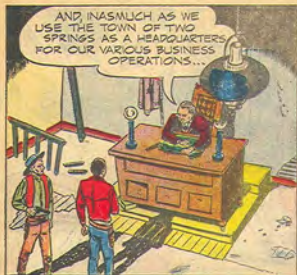
AS JOHNNY MACK BROWN STOPS IN TWO SPRINGS FOR THE FIRST TIME...



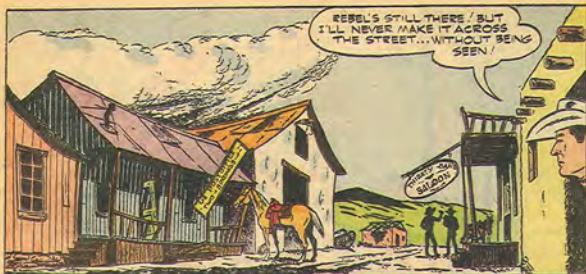


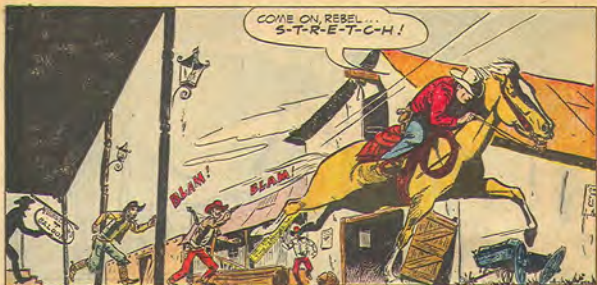


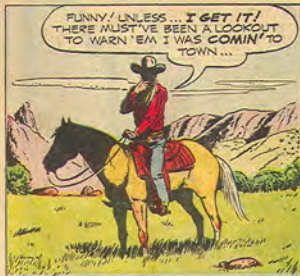












THERE! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!

Killer Russ and gang hold up in saloon at Two Springs. Bring posse!
Johnny MacLean

NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SLIP BY THOSE GUARDS! I'D RATHER BRING A POSSE BACK IN PERSON!



LATER, IN THE MOUNTAINS...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT! HE'S GOT A RIFLE, TOO!



ANOTHER ONE... BEHIND ME! I'M TRAPPED!



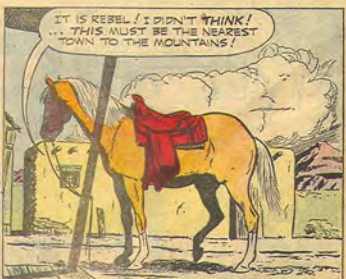
WATER, REBEL! HEAD FOR WATER!

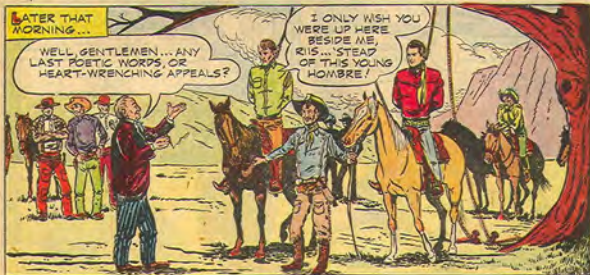


BOTH OF US'D NEVER MAKE IT, REBEL... BUT MAYBE YOU CAN GET DOWN THAT MOUNTAINSIDE ALONE!



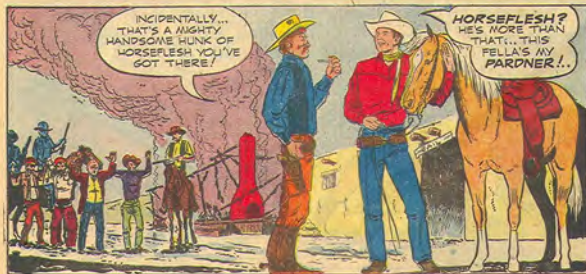
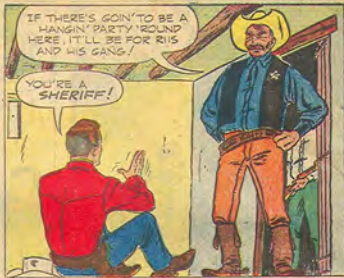












FOUR MAPS TO DEATH

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In 1887, a man named Richard Travis found ten thousand dollars in gold and silver which had been uncovered by a flash flood in the vicinity of El Tigre, Mexico, just south of the Arizona border. This gold and silver was but a small part of more than a million dollars in Mexican loot which had been buried by four hard-pressed bandits in 1879.

The four fugitives were James Bachelor and John Quigley, Americans; and Francisco Gomez and Salvador Delgado, Mexicans. After burying the loot, the four bandits drew a map of the location, and divided it into four parts, each taking one quarter. Then they separated for a safer getaway from pursuing Rurales.

Although the desperados intended to meet later, reassemble their map and recover the loot, the holders of each section of the map soon died a violent death. Delgado was recognized and shot by Mexican Rurales. Gomez was killed while resisting arrest by a California sheriff. Bachelor was caught, convicted of murder, and died in jail. Quigley lived to re-

turn, and try to recover the loot by memory and his piece of map, but he was recognized, and died in a gunfight.

Today, somewhere across the Border near El Tigre, the stolen fortune still lies buried.



JUL 14 A.M.

